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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the English 30 Grade 12 Diploma Examinations in Alberta, Canada, this test (to be administered along with a questions booklet) contains the reading selections portion of Part B, the reading component of the June 1988 tests. Representing the genres of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and drama, the 10 selections consist of: "Untying the Knot" (Annie Dillard); "Water" (Robert Lowell); "A Field of Wheat" (Sinclair Ross); "A Knife to Thy Throat" (Edwin Procunier); "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" (William Shakespeare); "Portrait of a Machine" (Louis Untermeyer); "The Democracy of Angling" (George F. Will); "Mother and Daughter" (Hannah Main); "Reunion" (Guy Vanderhaeghe); and an excerpt from William Faulkner's Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech. Duration of the examination is 2 hours. (MM)

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30

PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 80 questions in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1988

I. Read "Untying The Knot" and answer questions 1 to 6 from your Questions Booklet.

UNTYING THE KNOT

Yesterday I set out to catch the new season, and instead I found an old snakeskin. I was in the sunny February woods by the quarry; the snakeskin was lying in a heap of leaves right next to an aquarium someone had thrown away. I don't know why that someone hauled the aquarium deep into the woods to get rid of it; it had only one broken glass side. The snake found it handy, I imagine; snakes like to rub against something rigid to help them out of their skins, and the broken aquarium looked like the nearest likely object. Together the snakeskin and the aquarium made an interesting scene on the forest floor. It looked like an exhibit at a trial — circumstantial evidence — of a wild scene, as though a snake had burst through the broken side of the aquarium, burst through his ugly old skin, and disappeared, perhaps straight up in the air, in a rush of freedom and beauty.

The snakeskin had unkeeled scales, so it belonged to a nonpoisonous snake. It was roughly five feet long by the yardstick, but I'm not sure because it was very wrinkled and dry, and every time I tried to stretch it flat it broke. I ended up with seven or eight pieces of it all over the kitchen table in a fine film of forest dust.

The point I want to make about the snakeskin is that, when I found it, it was whole and tied in a knot. Now there have been stories told, even by reputable scientists, of snakes that have deliberately tied themselves in a knot to prevent larger snakes from trying to swallow them — but I couldn't imagine any way that throwing itself into a half hitch would help a snake trying to escape its skin. Still, ever cautious, I figured that one of the neighborhood boys could possibly have tied it in a knot in the fall, for some whimsical boyish reason, and left it there, where it dried and gathered dust. So I carried the skin along thoughtlessly as I walked, snagging it sure enough on a low branch and ripping it into two for the first of many times. I saw that thick ice still lay on the quarry pond and that the skunk cabbage was already out in the clearings, and then I came home and looked at the skin and its knot.

The knot had no beginning. Idly I turned it around in my hand, searching for a place to untie; I came to with a start when I realized I must have turned the thing around fully ten times. Intently, then, I traced the knot's lump around with a finger: it was continuous. I couldn't untie it any more than I could untie a doughnut; it was a loop without beginning or end. These snakes *are* magic, I thought for a second, and then of course I reasoned what must have happened. The skin had been pulled inside-out like a peeled sock for several inches; then an inch or so of the inside-out part — a piece whose length was coincidentally equal to the diameter of the skin — had somehow been turned right-side out again, making a thick lump whose edges were lost in wrinkles, looking exactly like a knot.

So I have been thinking about the change of seasons. I don't want to miss spring this year. I want to distinguish the last winter frost from the out-of-season

Continued

one, the frost of spring. I want to be there on the spot the moment the grass turns green. I always miss this radical revolution; I see it the next day from a window, the yard so suddenly green and lush I could envy Nebuchadnezzar[1] down on all fours eating grass. This year I want to stick a net into time and say "now," as men plant flags on the ice and snow and say, "here." But it occurred to me that I could no more catch spring by the tip of the tail than I could untie the apparent knot in the snakeskin; there are no edges to grasp. Both are continuous loops.

Annie Dillard

[1] Nebuchadnezzar — King of Babylon; refers to a biblical incident in which Nebuchadnezzar was driven from men and forced to eat grass as oxen.

II. Read "Water" and answer questions 7 to 14 from your Questions Booklet.

WATER

It was a Maine lobster town —
each morning boatloads of hands
pushed off for granite
quarries on the islands,

and left dozens of bleak
white frame houses stuck
like oyster shells
on a hill of rock,

and below us, the sea lapped
the raw little match-stick
mazes of a weir,
where the fish for bait were trapped.

Remember? We sat on a slab of rock.
From this dance in time,
it seems the color
of iris, rotting and turning purpler,

but it was only
the usual gray rock
turning the usual green
when drenched by the sea.

The sea drenched the rock
at our feet all day,
and kept tearing away
flake after flake.

One night you dreamed
you were a mermaid clinging to a wharf-pile,
and trying to pull
off the barnacles with your hands.

We wished our two souls
might return like gulls
to the rock. In the end,
the water was too cold for us.

Robert Lowell

III. Read the excerpt from "A Field of Wheat" and answer questions 15 to 25 from your Questions Booklet.

from A FIELD OF WHEAT

It was the best crop of wheat that John had ever grown; sturdy, higher than the knee, the heads long and filling well; a still, heat-hushed mile of it, undulating into a shimmer of summer-colts and crushed horizon blue. Martha finished pulling the little patch of mustard that John had told her about at noon, stood a minute with her shoulders strained back to ease the muscles that were sore from bending, then bunched up her apron filled with the yellow-blossomed weeds and started towards the road. Once she looked back, her eyes shaded, across the wheat to the dark fallow land beside it. John was there; she could see the long, slow-settling plume of dust thrown up by the horses and the harrow-cart. He was a fool for work, John. This year he was farming the whole section of land without help, managing with two outfits of horses, one for the morning and one for the afternoon; six, and sometimes even seven hours a shift.

It was John who gave such allure to the wheat. She thought of him hunched black and sweaty on the harrow-cart, twelve hours a day, smothering in dust, shoulders sagged wearily beneath the glare of sun. Her fingers touched the stalks of grain again and tightened on a supple blade until they made it squeak like a mouse. A crop like this was coming to him. He had had his share of failures and set-backs, if ever a man had, twenty times over.

Martha was thirty-seven. She had clinched with the body and substance of life; had loved, borne children — a boy had died — and yet the quickest aches of life, travail, heartbrokenness, they had never wrung as the wheat wrung. For the wheat allowed no respite. Wasting and unending it was struggle, struggle against wind and insects, drought and weeds. Not an heroic struggle to give a man courage and resolve, but a frantic, unavailing one. They were only poor, taunted, driven things; it was the wheat that was invincible. They only dreaded, built bright futures; waited for the first glint of green, watched timorous and eager while it thickened, merged, and at last leaned bravely to a ripple in the wind; then followed every slip of cloud into the horizon, turned to the wheat and away again. And it died tantalizingly sometimes, slowly: there would be a cool day, a pittance of rain.

Or perhaps it lived, perhaps the rain came, June, July, even into August, hope climbing, wish-patterns painted on the future. And then one day a clench and tremble to John's hand; his voice faltering, dull. Grasshoppers perhaps, sawflies or rust; no matter, they would grovel for a while, stand back helpless, then go on again. Go on in bitterness and cowardice, because there was nothing else but going on.

She had loved John, for these sixteen years had stood close watching while he died — slowly, tantalizingly, as the parched wheat died. He had grown unkempt, ugly, morose. His voice was gruff, contentious, never broke into the deep, strong laughter that used to make her feel she was living at the heart of things. John was gone, love was gone; there was only wheat.

Three hundred acres. Bushels, thousands of bushels, she wouldn't even try to think how many. And prices up this year. It would make him young again,

Continued

lift his head, give him spirit. Maybe he would shave twice a week as he used to when they were first married, buy new clothes, believe in himself again.

She walked down the road towards the house, her steps quickening to the pace of her thoughts until the sweat clung to her face like little beads of oil. It was the children now, Joe and Annabelle: this winter perhaps they could send them to school in town and let them take music lessons. Annabelle, anyway. At a pinch Joe could wait a while; he was only eight. It wouldn't take Annabelle long to pick up her notes; already she played hymn tunes by ear on the organ. She was bright, a real little lady for manners; among town people she would learn a lot. The farm was no place to bring her up. Running wild and barefoot, what would she be like in a few years? Who would ever want to marry her but some stupid country lout?

Martha had clothes to iron, and biscuits to bake for supper. It was hot — heat so intense and breathless that it weighed like a solid. An ominous darkness came with it, gradual and unnoticed. All at once she turned away from the stove and stood strained, inert. The silence seemed to gather itself, hold its breath. She tried to speak to Nipper and the children, all three sprawled in a heap alongside the house, but the hush over everything was like a raised finger, forbidding her.

A long immobile minute; suddenly a bewildering awareness that the light was choked; and then, muffled, still distant, but charged with resolution, climaxing the stillness, a slow, long brooding heave of thunder.

She stared into the blackness. There it was — the hail again — the same white twisting little cloud against the black ones just as she had seen it four years ago.

She craned her neck, looking to see whether John was coming. The wheat, the acres and acres of it, green and tall, if only he had put some insurance on it. Damned mule — just work and work. No head himself and too stubborn to listen to anyone else.

The first big drops of rain began spitting down. Quietly, breathing hard, she closed the door, numb for a minute, afraid to think or move.

Martha shouted at Annabelle hoarsely, "Go and get pillows. Here, Joe, quick, up on the table." She snatched him off his feet and set him on the table beside the window. "Be ready now when the hail starts, to hold the pillow tight against the glass. You, Annabelle, stay upstairs at the west window in my room."

Through Joe's legs Martha caught sight of John's long, scarecrow shape stooped low before the rain. Distractedly, without purpose, she ran upstairs two steps at a time to Annabelle. "Don't be scared, here comes your father!" Her own voice shook, craven. "Why don't you rest your arms? It hasn't started yet."

As she spoke there was a sharp, crunching blow on the roof, its sound abruptly dead, sickening, like a weapon that has sunk deep into flesh. Wildly she shook her hands, motioning Annabelle back to the window, and started for the stairs. Again the blow came; then swiftly a stuttered dozen of them.

She reached the kitchen just as John burst in. With their eyes screwed up against the pommelling roar of the hail they stared at each other. They were deafened, pinioned, crushed.

Then the window broke, and Joe and the pillow tumbled off the table before the howling inrush of the storm. John pushed Martha and Joe into the next room and shut the door. There they found Annabelle huddled at the foot of the stairs, round-eyed, biting her nails in terror.

There was hail heaped on the bed, the pictures were blown off the walls and

Continued

broken, the floor was swimming; the water would soak through and spoil all the ceilings.

John's face quietened her. They all crowded together, silent, averting their eyes from one another. Martha wanted to cry again, but dared not. Joe, awed to calmness, kept looking furtively at the trickle of blood on his father's face.

When at last they could go outside they stared across the flayed yard and garden. The sun came out, sharp and brilliant on the drifts of hail. There was an icy wind that made them shiver in their thin cotton clothes. "No, its too cold on your feet." Martha motioned them back to the steps as she started towards the gate to join John. "I want to go with your father to look at the wheat. There's nothing anyway to see."

Nothing but the glitter of sun on hailstones. Nothing but their wheat crushed into little rags of muddy slime. Here and there an isolated straw standing bolt upright in headless defiance. Martha and John walked to the far end of the field. There was no sound but their shoes slipping and rattling on the pebbles of ice. Both of them wanted to speak, to break the atmosphere of calamity that hung over them, but the words they could find were too small for the sparkling serenity of wasted field. Even as waste it was indomitable. It tethered them to itself, so that they could not feel or comprehend. It had come and gone, that was all; before its tremendousness and havoc they were prostrate. They had not yet risen to cry out or protest.

It was when they were nearly back to the house that Martha started to whimper. "I can't go on any longer; I can't, John. There's no use, we've tried." With one hand she clutched him and with the other held her apron to her mouth. "It's driving me out of my mind. I'm so tired — heart-sick of it all. Can't you see?"

He laid his big hands on her shoulders. They looked at each other for a few seconds, then she dropped her head weakly against his greasy smock. Presently he roused her. "Here comes Joe and Annabelle!" The pressure of his hands tightened. His bristly cheek touched her hair and forehead. "Straighten up, quick, before they see you!"

It was more of him than she had had for years. "Yes, John, I know — I'm all right now."

Then he left her and she went back to the house. Mounting within her was a resolve, a bravery. It was the warming sunlight, the strength and nearness of John, a feeling of mattering, belonging. Swung far upwards by the rush and swell of recaptured life, she was suddenly as far above the desolation of the storm as a little while ago she had been abject before it. But in the house she was alone; there was no sunlight, only a cold wind through the broken window; and she crumpled again.

She tried to face the kitchen, to get the floor dried and the broken lamps swept up. But it was not the kitchen; it was tomorrow, next week, next year. The going on, the waste of life, the hopelessness.

John would pat her shoulder and let her come back to this. They'd be brave, go on again, forget about the crop. Go on, go on — next year and the next — go on till they were both ready for the scrap-heap. But she'd had enough. This time he'd go on alone.

Not that she meant it. Not that she failed to understand what John was going through. It was just rebellion. Rebellion because their wheat was beaten to the

Continued

ground, because there was this brutal, callous finish to everything she had planned, because she had will and needs and flesh, because she was alive. Rebellion, not John at all — but how rebel against a summer storm, how find the throat of a cloud?

So at a jerky little run she set off for the stable, for John. Just that she might release and spend herself, no matter against whom or what, unloose the fury that clawed within her, strike back a blow for the one that had flattened her.

The stable was quiet, only the push of hay as the horses nosed through the mangers, the lazy rub of their flanks and hips against the stall partitions; and before its quietness her anger subsided, took time for breath. She advanced slowly, almost on tiptoe, peering past the horses' rumps for a glimpse of John. To the last stall, back again. And then there was a sound different from the stable sounds. She paused.

She had not seen him the first time she passed because he was pressed against one of the horses, his head pushed into the big deep hollow of its neck and shoulder, one hand hooked by the fingers in the mane, his own shoulders drawn up and shaking. She stared, thrust out her head incredulously, moved her lips, but stood silent. John sobbing there, against the horse. It was the strangest, most frightening moment of her life. He had always been so strong and grim; had just kept on as if he couldn't feel, as if there were a bull's hide over him, and now he was beaten.

She crept away. It would be unbearable to watch his humiliation if he looked up and saw her.

Martha hurried inside. She started the fire again, then nailed a blanket over the broken window and lit the big brass parlour lamp — the only one the storm had spared. Her hands were quick and tense. John would need a good supper tonight. The biscuits were water-soaked, but she still had the peas. He liked peas. Lucky that they had picked them when they did. This winter they wouldn't have so much as an onion or potato.

Sinclair Ross

IV. Read the excerpt from *A Knife to Thy Throat* and answer questions 26 to 36 from your Questions Booklet.

from A KNIFE TO THY THROAT

CHARACTERS:

Queen Elizabeth - Elizabeth the First, Queen of England
Sir Robert Cecil - Secretary of State
Anne Pembroke - lady-in-waiting to the Queen
Thomas Pipkin - a street singer
An Officer of the Guard

THE EARL OF ESSEX, ELIZABETH'S *former advisor and lover, is being held prisoner.* ELIZABETH *has recently condemned him to death for treason.*

ELIZABETH: I wonder what he's thinking now, with only a few hours left to him?

CECIL: Your Majesty —!

ELIZABETH (*interrupting*): Don't chide me, Cecil. For my people and for the good of a peaceful England; for myself and the Tudor name — it will die with me, that name — the right thing has been done. We live in an age of blood, and the flow of a little more will halt the flow of a great deal. Your father, who was ever a man of sense, once quoted Scripture to him, but he did not choose to listen. "Blood-thirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." Why did he not listen to old Burghley, that wise and dear friend?

CECIL: It is not to my understanding.

ELIZABETH: Nor to mine. Nor to mine. (*She pauses.*) I've sent for him.

CECIL (*startled*): Sent for him?

ELIZABETH: To come here.

CECIL: Here?

ELIZABETH (*impatiently*): Here, yes! Can you do nothing but repeat my words? I shall get one of these same talking birds Raleigh has told me of to be my Secretary. It would take less from my purse.

CECIL (*ignoring her last speech*): I do not think that wise.

ELIZABETH: Little man, I have not asked your opinion.

CECIL: I beg Your Majesty's pardon, but you must not —

ELIZABETH (*interrupting*): "Must" is a word not used to princes. But I *shall* see him once more. I must see him once more. I must talk to him once more.

CECIL: What good will come of it?

ELIZABETH: No good.

CECIL: But Your Majesty will set him up in hope!

ELIZABETH: No. I think not. Yesterday, I sent word that his execution be stayed. This morning, I cancelled that command. I will not change now. A moment's weakness, but it is over. He would expect that. He knew the stakes

Continued

for which he gambled, the risks, the price of failure. That price shall be paid, paid — by both of us.

CECIL: Then — what good?

ELIZABETH: To talk. To pretend that what has been these last weeks, never was.

(*The* OFFICER *is waiting now inside the door.* ELIZABETH *sees him and for a moment hesitates, glancing at* CECIL.)

ELIZABETH (*to the* OFFICER): Well, sir?

OFFICER: There's a sorry, bedraggled creature here, Your Majesty, guarded by two of your soldiers.

ELIZABETH: What?!

OFFICER: He says he was ordered here.

ELIZABETH: What — what is his name?

OFFICER: His name?

ELIZABETH: Yes, his name! Is this an epidemic, Cecil, that all men are catching from you?

OFFICER (*at the door*): The Queen wishes to know your name.

PIPKIN (*off-stage*): Thomas Pipkin, Your Honour.

CECIL: Who is this fellow?

ELIZABETH: One of these ballad-mongers, arrested for singing a song against me in the streets. Raleigh told me of him. (*She speaks, mockingly, to the* OFFICER.) Your Honour, send the creature in. We can use some amusement here. (ELIZABETH *mounts the two steps to her throne and sits. Two soldiers bring in* PIPKIN *who falls on his knees before her. He is a scrawny man, miserably dressed.*)

PIPKIN: Your Majesty, a humble subject begs mercy for his —

ELIZABETH (*interrupting*): Stand up, sirrah! Do you think that we are some barbaric prince in your grovellings before us?

PIPKIN (*rising*): Your Majesty, I — I —

ELIZABETH (*coldly*): So you are Pipkin, the miserable and notorious wretch who mutters against us, his ruler. (*She speaks to* ANNE.) What do you think of *him*, Mistress Pembroke? Does he suit your fancy? Would you have him about you?

PIPKIN (*scandalized*): Your Majesty, I'm a married man!

ELIZABETH: And brats, too?

PIPKIN: Seven alive and six in heaven.

ELIZABETH: So, you would raise up an army against us, Pipkin? (*Frequently throughout this little scene,* CECIL, ANNE, *and the* OFFICER *have difficulty controlling their smiles.*)

PIPKIN: Oh no, Your Majesty! They're all loyal subjects.

ELIZABETH: The ones in Heaven perhaps. Who else can be trusted? Would they die for their queen, Pipkin, the ones still left?

PIPKIN: Oh yes, Your Majesty!

ELIZABETH: And you, would you die for her — soon?

PIPKIN: I would, but not soon. I mean, no sooner than is absolutely necessary.

ELIZABETH: And yet you would make up songs against us and sing them right

Continued

here in the streets of London! Isn't that treason?

PIPKIN: No treason, Your Majesty. I'm no Earl of Essex!! (*This is a bad moment for all of them as they wait for the thunderbolt which does not come.*)

ELIZABETH (*nevertheless conscious of the remark*): Then what would you call it?

PIPKIN: A joke — and to put a little bread into the mouths of children — English children.

ELIZABETH: Thirteen children! We wonder that you find time for making up songs, too. And so you were paid?

PIPKIN: A foreign gentleman gave me a sovereign.

CECIL (*dryly*): Perhaps, a Spaniard, Madam. They've sought to dispose of a sovereign now for some time.

PIPKIN (*gleefully*): With no great luck, God save Your Majesty!

ELIZABETH (*severely, yet pleased*): We should not be amused, if we were you, Pipkin. Do you know the fate of a traitor? It would go badly with you.

PIPKIN (*forgetting where he is*): I'm no traitor. My grandfather fought beside Henry Tudor at Bosworth. I'm no traitor, and I'll make so bold —

ELIZABETH (*shouting back at him*): To do what? To shout at me, sirrah? God's blood, Cecil, you see how I'm served when every coxcomb off the streets can shout at his Queen!

CECIL: He's an undeserving monster, Your Majesty.

ELIZABETH: What would the King of France do to such a one?

PIPKIN: You're no King of France! You're English blood. You're Henry Tudor's grandchild, and the daughter of Harry and Anne.

ELIZABETH: Harry and Anne, is it? You're very familiar, Pipkin.

PIPKIN: The familiarity of love, Your Majesty.

ELIZABETH: I was told some of those verses, and vile verses they were, too. No beauty, no flow of words.

PIPKIN: I'm an ignorant man.

ELIZABETH (*to the others*): Well, what shall we do with him?

OFFICER: Cut off his ears.

ANNE: Put him in the pillory and pelt him with rotten eggs.

CECIL: Make use of him; give him to the Spanish ambassador.

ELIZABETH: Well, Pipkin, you've heard the suggestions. What do you say?

PIPKIN: I don't much care for any of them, Your Majesty, but perhaps — the rotten eggs.

ELIZABETH: No, sirrah. I'll set you to school so that when next you mock me, your Queen, you may do it with a better grace. Go you to Will Shakespeare at the Globe. Do you know the Globe?

PIPKIN: I saw a play there once. Great sport, it was!

ELIZABETH: Tell him that you have come by our command. Perhaps he can teach you to write a line of verse that won't befoul an English mouth.

PIPKIN (*who can scarcely believe this sentence*): But — is that all?

ELIZABETH: No, sirrah, that is not all. Leave our presence with this caution: that if we ever meet again and if your puny attempts have not improved, I'll see you hanged. Now — go!

PIPKIN (*bowing*): Long live the Queen!

ELIZABETH: Aye, sirrah. Long live the Queen.

Edwin Procunier

V. Read the excerpt from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and answer questions 37 to 44 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, Act I, scene ii

Courted by several young men and confused by the novelty of her reactions to their attention, JULIA *considers her feelings when she receives a letter from* PROTEUS.

Verona. The garden of JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and her maid,* LUCETTA

LUCETTA: Peruse this paper, madam. (*Gives a letter*)
JULIA: "To Julia." Say, from whom?
LUCETTA: That the contents will show.
JULIA: Say, say! Who gave it thee?
LUCETTA: Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.
JULIA: Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper. See it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.
LUCETTA: To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
JULIA: Will ye be gone?
LUCETTA: That you may ruminate. (*Exit*)
JULIA: And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid
And would not force the letter to my view,
Since maids, in modesty, say "no" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "ay"!
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!
(*Enter* LUCETTA)
LUCETTA: What would your ladyship?
JULIA: Is it near dinner time?
LUCETTA: I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat

And not upon your maid.
JULIA: What is't that you took up so gingerly?
LUCETTA: Nothing.
JULIA: Why didst thou stoop then?
LUCETTA: To take a paper up that I let fall.
JULIA: And is that paper nothing?
LUCETTA: Nothing concerning me.
JULIA: Then let it lie, for those that it concerns.
LUCETTA: Madam, it will not lie where it concerns
Unless it have a false interpreter.
JULIA: Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
LUCETTA: That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.
JULIA: As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o'love."
LUCETTA: It is too heavy for so light a tune.
JULIA: Heavy? Belike it hath some burden[1] then?
LUCETTA: Ay! and melodious were it, would you sing it.
JULIA: And why not you?
LUCETTA: I cannot reach so high.
JULIA: Let's see your song. (*Takes the letter*)
How now, minion?
LUCETTA: Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
JULIA: You do not?
LUCETTA: No, madam. 'Tis too sharp.
JULIA: You, minion, are too saucy.
LUCETTA: Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
JULIA: The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
LUCETTA: Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.
JULIA: This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! (*Tears the letter*)
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie.
You would be fing'ring them to anger me.
LUCETTA: She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so ang'red with another letter. (*Exit*)
JULIA: Nay, would I were so ang'red with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia,

Continued

[1] burden — chief theme of a song, poem, or speech

As in revenge of thy ingratitude.
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."
Poor wounded name! My bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name. That some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia." That I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another.
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.
(*Enter* LUCETTA)

LUCETTA: Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
JULIA: Well, let us go.
LUCETTA: What, shall these papers lie like telltales here?
JULIA: If you respect them, best to take them up.
LUCETTA: Nay, I was taken up for laying them down.
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
JULIA: I see you have a month's mind to them.
LUCETTA: Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see.
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
JULIA: Come, come! Will't please you go? (*Exeunt*)

William Shakespeare

VI. Read "Portrait of a Machine" and answer questions 45 to 52 from your Questions Booklet.

PORTRAIT OF A MACHINE

What nudity is beautiful as this
Obedient monster purring at its toil;
These naked iron muscles dripping oil
And the sure-fingered rods that never miss.
This long and shining flank of metal is
Magic that greasy labor cannot spoil;
While this vast engine that could rend the soil
Conceals its fury with a gentle hiss.

It does not vent its loathing, does not turn
Upon its makers with destroying hate.
It bears a deeper malice; throbs to earn
Its master's bread and lives to see this great
Lord of the earth, who rules but cannot learn,
Become the slave of what his slaves create.

Louis Untermeyer

VII. Read "The Democracy of Angling" and answer questions 53 to 59 from your Questions Booklet.

THE DEMOCRACY OF ANGLING

It is 4:15 a.m. and down in the galley of the good boat Freelance money is changing hands. In the predawn darkness the barracuda and bass off the coast are sleeping the untroubled sleep of the just. But trouble is heading their way in the form of sport fishermen, some of whom — regulars on the Freelance — are playing poker for nickels as the crew readies to shove off for a day of strenuous fun.

My son, 11, who was up at 3 a.m. fine-tuning his tackle, is bright-eyed and eager to buy his breakfast: a microwaved burrito and a 3 Musketeers candy bar. The boy's cousin, 15, a grizzled old boy of the sea, is delivering, for the edification of his tenderfoot uncle from the East, a nonstop and terrifyingly erudite disquisition on offshore fishing. The uncle — your correspondent — is barely conscious but is conscious enough to be wondering why, in his hobby of dreaming up oxymora he had not thought of "family vacation." We are given children to test us and make us more spiritual. Fishing with energetic boys actually is good for a father's soul, and for the boys' souls, too — assuming, on the basis of ambiguous evidence, that boys have souls.

The Freelance chugs out of the channel into the ocean before the sun is up and before the barracuda have had their shredded wheat. It arrives at a fishing ground when the gray rolling sea is still a seamless universe undifferentiated from the gray horizon. Soon a fierce-looking deckhand, who could be a reject from a pirate ship but who is the soul of helpfulness, will stand up on the bait tank and toss scoops of live anchovies over the side to attract fish. Well, most of the anchovies will go over the side. Bits will land in our hair. Such fishing is not for the fastidious. Anyway, better to have anchovies in one's hair than on one's pizza.

Just as there are food fascists who would outlaw french fries and force everyone to breakfast on bran muffins, there are fishing fascists who despise the use of live bait. But such dogmatism is out of place in the democracy of angling. Fishing, properly approached, is like the political philosophy of a civilized society: it is less a creed than a climate of opinion. Fishing is a way of life resembling what the incomparable Aristotle considered the best regime. That is, it combines democratic and aristocratic elements.

It is democratic in that it is open to all. Adequate equipment is not expensive. And fish are broad-minded. They are uninterested in the social class of the hand that holds the rod that casts the line. Fishing is aristocratic in that there is a hierarchy of skill and achievement. Excellence is respected by other fishermen and rewarded by the fish, whose broad-mindedness does not make them indifferent to skill. It is aristocratic in that it encourages development of the nobler virtues, including both tenacity and resignation, when each is appropriate. Good fishermen are aristocratic in their possession of elegantly understated manners. These involve adherence to a code of honorable behavior that would have earned nods of approval in a medieval tournament. There are distinctions between sporting and unsporting methods, and respect for the social space of others who are pursuing what should be, as much as possible, an almost solitary sport. This last is especially important

Continued

for children because a child's life nowadays tends to be too organized, programmed, collectivized.

Sensible adults use artifices, such as fishing, to recapture, fleetingly, the harmony of sense and spirit that seems spontaneous in healthy children. Fishing gives an adult's mind the satisfaction of focusing on a manageable task. Einstein said he liked chopping wood because it was the only thing he did that produced immediate results. Fishing is like that, even when the fish are obdurate. In fact, their obduracy is itself a satisfying challenge.

Fishing leaves formative lines on the soft wax of a child's temperament. A boy who is painfully shy when required to say even a simple "hello" to an adult in a social setting can suddenly become bold about calling out to adults in other boats or on opposite riverbanks to find out what lure they used to hook that pike. It is stirring to see one's son engaged in earnest conversation, on a basis of perfect equality, with a stranger five times his age, concerning the relative merits of squid slices and casting jigs as bass bait.

Children need some field of knowledge in which they can savor the pleasure of deeply understanding something. For some, the activity involves collecting things — stamps, beer cans, whatever. (If you think there is not a lot to know about beer cans, you have not read the literature produced for the intelligentsia among can collectors.) For other children, knowledge of baseball — Andy Pafko's batting average, how to calculate slugging percentage, when to hit behind the runner — gives the first sense of mastery. Baseball long ago gave some of us our last sense of mastery, but better one than none. Certainly a young person in the grip of a passion for fishing is awakening to the joys of proficiency.

'John Buchan was a passionate fisherman and an unsurpassed memoirist. His autobiography, "Pilgrim's Way," published in 1940, was John Kennedy's favorite book. Buchan wrote that fishing satisfies a boy's desire for tangible results and his innocent passion for loot. Buchan's description of the rewards of a classical education, of the close study of masters such as Plato and Thucydides, also describes the rewards of fishing. Fishing, like the classics, teaches patience, humility and the joy of life. The classics extinguished in Buchan any inclination toward being a rebel, because they made him "profoundly conscious of the dominion of unalterable law." A wholesome lesson, that, and one a child learns when matching his talents against the wiles of a mature trout. A fisherman soon comes to terms with the fact that there are many forces and mysteries beyond his ken or control.

Fishing, like more formal education, teaches the talent of living worthily, but it is not, as healthy children try to argue, a wholly satisfactory substitute for the lamp of learning that is relit indoors every September. However, in August school is a dark cloud on the horizon no larger than a man's hand, a cloud smaller than the bass that every boy knows his next cast will catch.

George F. Will

VIII. Read "Mother and Daughter" and answer questions 60 to 65 from your Questions Booklet.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Mother. She sews the loveliest things
and moulds daughters to fit them,
one slow stitch at a time.

What she creates must fit her creations.
She labours the fabric that forms the growth.

Daughters. The eyes invent fear.
Smooth lines speak the dreadful pattern.
Decorations turn hideous, speak easy lies.

Ripping hems and trailing threads,
they rush out to search
for a liberal seamstress
who may never have learned to sew.

Hannah Main

IX. Read the excerpt from "Reunion" and answer questions 66 to 73 from your Questions Booklet.

from REUNION

It was a vivid countryside they drove through, green with new wheat, yellow with random spatters of wild mustard, blue with flax. The red and black cattle, their hides glistening with the greasy shine of good pasture, left off grazing to watch the car pass, pursued by a cloud of boiling dust. Poplar bluffs in the distance shook in the watery heat haze with a crazy light, crows whirled lazily in the sky like flakes of black ash rising from a fire.

The man, his wife, and their little boy were travelling to a Stiles family reunion. It was the woman who was a Stiles, had been *born* a Stiles rather. Her husband was a Cosgrave.

"For heaven's sake, Jack," Edith Cosgrave said, "stay away from the whiskey for once. It's a warm day. If they offer you whiskey ask for a beer instead. On a hot day it isn't rude to ask for a beer."

"Yes, mother dear," her husband said, eyes fixed on the grid road. "No, mother. If you please, mother."

"You know as well as I do what happens when you drink whiskey, Jack. It goes down too easy and you lose count of how many you've had. I don't begrudge you your beers. It's that whiskey," she said angrily.

"It tastes twice as good when I know the pain it costs a Stiles to put it on the table."

"Or me to watch you guzzle it."

The Cosgrave family had the slightly harried and shabby look of people who, although not quite poor, know only too well and intimately the calculations involved in buying a new winter coat, eyeglasses, or a pair of shoes. Jack Cosgrave's old black suit was sprung taut across his belly, pinched him under the armpits. It also showed a waxy-white scar on the shoulders where it had hung crookedly on a hanger, untouched for months.

His wife, however, had tried to rise to the occasion. This involved an attempt to dress up a white blouse and pleated skirt with two purchases: a cheap scarlet belt cinched tightly at her waist and a string of large red beads wound round her throat.

"They're not to be borne without whiskey," Cosgrave muttered, "your family."

"And you're not to be borne with it in you," she answered sharply. But relented. Perhaps it did not pay to keep at him today. "Please, Jack," she said, "let's have a nice time for once. Don't embarrass me. Be a gentleman. Let me hold my head up. Show some respect for my family."

"That's all *I* ask," he said, speaking quickly. "*I'd* like a little respect from *them*. They all look at me as if I was something the cat dragged in and dropped in the front parlour." Saying this, he gave an angry little spurt to the gas pedal for emphasis and the car responded by slewing around in the loose gravel on the road, pebbles chittering on the undercarriage.

So like Jack, she thought, to be a bit reckless. A careless, passionate man. It was what drew her to him in the beginning. His recklessness, his charming ways, his sweet cunning. So different from what she had learned of the male

Continued

character from observing her brothers: slow, apple-faced men who plodded about their business, the languor of routine steeped deep into their heavy limbs.

"It's not as bad as all that," she said. "Don't get your Irish up."

He smiled suddenly, a crooked, delighted grin. "If one of them, just one of them, happens to mention — as they always do — that this car is getting long in the tooth, why, my dear, that Stiles sleeps tonight cold in the ground with a clay comforter. I swear. Who cares if my car is nine years old? I don't. Nineteen forty-six was a very good year for Fords. A good year in general, wasn't it, mother?"

"You're a fool," she said. It was the year they had married. "And whether it was a good year or not depends on how you look at it." Still, she was glad to see his dark mood broken, and couldn't help smiling back at him with a mixture of relief and indulgence. The man could smile, she had to grant him that.

"How long is this holy, blessed event, this gathering of the tribe Stiles, to continue?" he asked with the heavy irony that had become second nature whenever he spoke of his in-laws.

"I don't have the faintest. When you're ready to leave just say so."

"Oh no. I'm not bearing that awful responsibility. I can see them all now, casting that baleful Stiles look, the one your father used to give me, certain that I'm tearing you against your will out of the soft, warm bosom of the family. Poor Edith."

"Jack."

"What we need is a secret signal," Cosgrave said, delighted as always by any fanciful notion that happened to strike him. "What if I stamp my foot three times when I want to go home? Like this." He pounded his left foot down on the floorboards three times, slowly and deliberately, like a carnival horse stamping out the solution to an arithmetic puzzle for the wondering, gaping yokels.

"Watch the road or you'll murder us."

"What if I hum a tune? That would be the ticket. Who'd catch on to that?" How about 'God Save the Queen'? Appropriate to conclude a boring occasion. Standard fare to bring to an end any gathering in this fair Dominion. After all, it's one of your favourites, Edith. I'll pay a little vocal tribute to Her Majesty, Missus the Duke, by the Grace of God, etc. How does that strike you, honey?"

He was teasing her. For although the Stileses' hard-headed toughness ran deep in his wife, she had a romantic weakness for the royal family. There was her scrapbook of coronation pictures, her tears for Captain Townsend and the Princess. And, most treasured of all, a satin bookmark with Edward VIII's abdication speech printed on it. She had been a girl when he relinquished the crown and it had seemed to her that Edward's love for Mrs. Simpson was something so fine, so beyond earthly considerations, that the capacity for such feelings had to be the birthright of kings. Only a king could love like that.

"Don't tease, Jack," she said, lips tightening.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Jack said testily, "now we're offended for the bloody Queen."

"You never know when enough is enough, do you? You've always got to push it. So what if I feel a certain way about the Queen? Or my family? Why can't you respect that?"

The car rushed down into a little valley where a creek had slipped its banks and puddled on the hay flats, bright as mercury. The Ford ground up the opposing

Continued

hills. Swearing and double-clutching, Jack had to gear down twice to make the grade. A few miles on, a sign greeted them. "Welcome to Manitoba."

(During the social gathering, Jack, who has drunk too much, argues vehemently with Edith's brothers who have consistently degraded him. A fistfight ensues. Jack leaves and Edith isn't certain that he will return.)

By nine o'clock that night the last dirty cup had been washed and the last Stiles had departed. Edith, Brian, Bob and his wife went out to sit in the screened verandah.

It was one of those nights in early summer when the light bleeds drowsily out of the sky, and the sounds of dogs and children falter and die suddenly in the streets when darkness comes. In the peace of such evenings, talk slumbers in the blood, and sentences grow laconic.

Edith mentioned him first. "He may not be back, you know," she said. "You may be stuck with us, Bob."

"His car's still in the street."

"What I mean is, he won't come to the house. And if he sits in the car I won't go to him."

"It's your business, Edith. You know you're welcome."

"He's always lied to himself, you know?" she said calmly. "It's that I get tired of mostly. Big ideas, big schemes. He won't be what he is. I don't complain about the other. He doesn't drink as much as people think. You're mostly wrong about him, all of you, on that count."

"You should cry," suggested her sister-in-law. "Nobody would mind."

"I would. I did all my crying the first year we were married. One thing about him, he's obvious. I saw it all the first year. Forewarned is forearmed."

They sat for a time, silent, listening to the moths batter their fat, soft bodies against the naked bulb over the door. It was Brian who saw him first, making his way up the street.

They watched him walk up the street with precarious precision.

"He won't set foot on this place. He's too proud," said Edith.

"And if he sits in the car I won't go to him. I've had it up to here."

Cosgrave walked to the front of the property and faced the house. For the people on the verandah it was difficult to make him out beneath the trees, but he saw his wife sitting in a cage of light, faces white and burning under the glare of the lightbulb, their features slightly out of focus behind the fine screen mesh. He stood without moving for a minute, then he began to sing in a clear, light tenor. The words rang across the lawn, incongruous, sad.

"The man's crazy," said Bob.

Edith leaned forward in her chair and placed her hand against the screen. The vague figure whose face she could not see continued to sing to her across the intervening reaches of night. He sang without a trace of his habitual irony. Where she would have expected a joke there was none. The voice she heard was not the voice of a man in a cheap black suit, a man full of beer and lies. She had, for a fleeting moment, a lover serenading her under the elms. It was as close

Continued

as he would ever come to an apology or an invitation. Jack Cosgrave was not capable of doing any more and she knew it.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious . . .

Edith Cosgrave was not deluded. Not really. She was a Stiles, had been born a Stiles rather. She got to her feet. "Well," she said to her brother, "I guess I can take a hint as well as the next person. I think that he is saying he wants to go home."

Guy Vanderhaeghe

X. Read "Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech" and answer questions 74 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.

NOBEL PRIZE ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

In accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950, William Faulkner addressed his remarks, on what he conceived to be the writer's duty to society, to young writers the world over.

I feel this award was not made to me as a man, but to my work — a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed — love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure: that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

William Faulkner

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